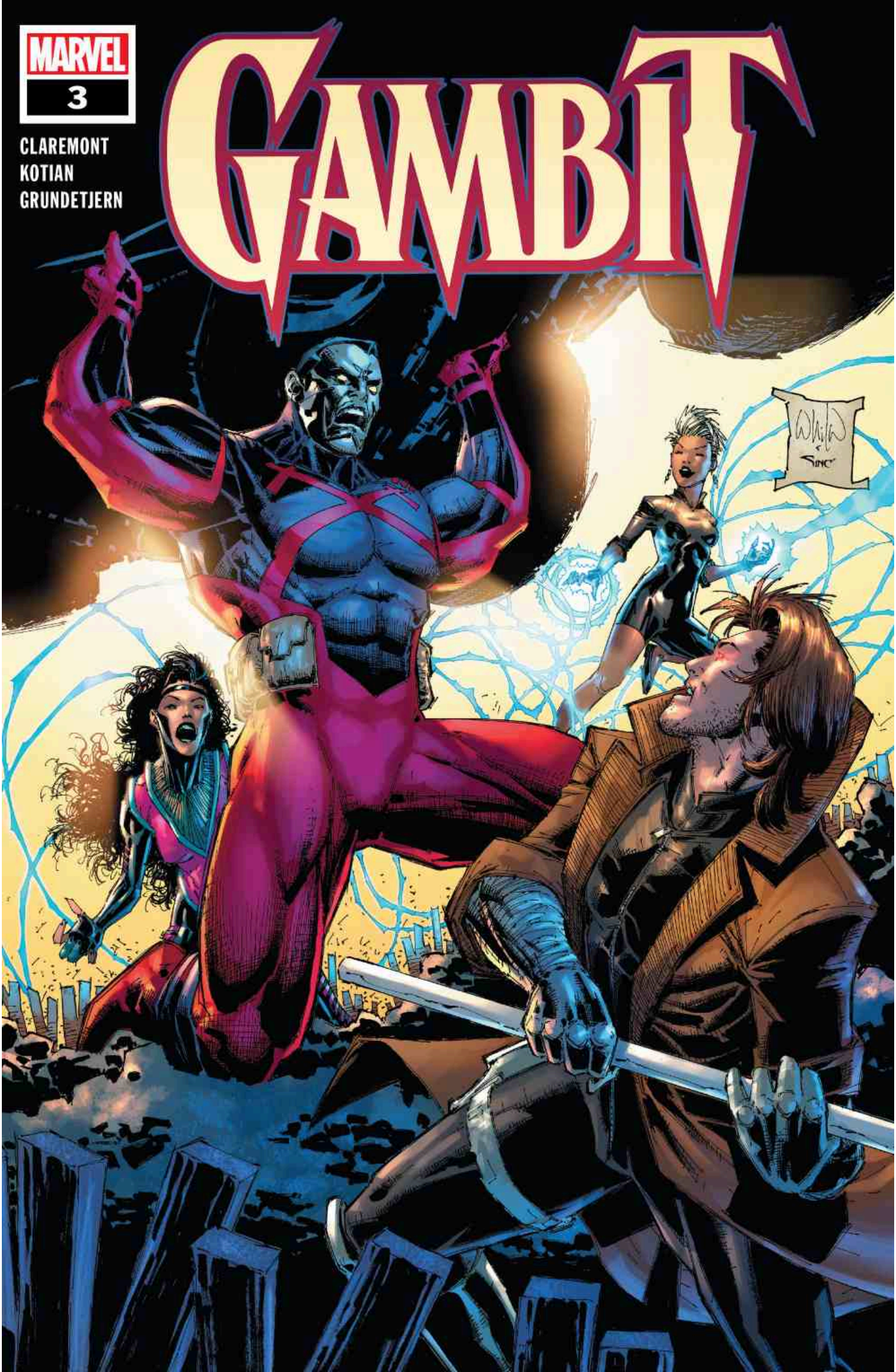
MARVEL
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GAMBIT
CLAREMONT
KOTIAN
GRUNDETJERN

Remy LeBeau is a thief. Growing up in New Orleans, he honed his craft from a young age as part of the Thieves Guild.

He is also a **mutant**, and with his power to draw out the potential energy of any given object, he can make even something as harmless as a simple playing card an item of explosive force to be reckoned with.

Remy has used his powers and skills to lead a life of adventure and intrigue, traveling and stealing and gallivanting under the nom de guerre...

GAMBIT

Gambit's devil-may-care lifestyle has crossed his path with that of **Ororo Munroe**, A.K.A. **Storm**--the leader of the mutant heroes known as the **X-Men.**

But a recent encounter with the villainous **Nanny** and **Orphan-Maker** has left Ororo de-aged back to childhood, with her memory and mutant power to control the weather unreliable at best.

Remy has taken young Ororo under his wing, advancing the thieving skills she first developed as a child on the streets of Cairo. On their latest adventure, a near catastrophe on the road landed Remy and 'Ro's car in the Mississippi River. With the help of **Marissa DeCastro** and her mother, **Doctor Gabriella DeCastro**, 'Ro survived, but not before meeting her ancestor, **Ashaké**, on the astral plane. While Ororo was recuperating, Remy butted heads with **Dominic Solarz**, a local developer trying to force the DeCastros out of their home. Remy used his powers to show Solarz that he wouldn't take kindly to their tactics, but the developer sent his own super-powered goon, **Warhawk**, to attack, setting fire to the DeCastro home. Remy and Marissa survived and headed off to save 'Ro and Gabriella—if they are still alive...

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EDITOR'S NOTE:
This story takes place in the previously unexplored time period only glimpsed during UNCANNY X-MEN #267.

Remy's Ruse--A Very Different GAMBIT!
BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & SID KOTIAN
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PICKING UP PRETTY MUCH WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST ISSUE...
REMY, YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
YOU ACTUALLY GO AROUND DRESSED LIKE THIS?
M'RISSA, DARLIN', AH THINK Y' LOOK GORGEOUS.
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT.
WHY'D I EVER LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS?

TRUS' ME, CHÈRE.
?
AH KNOW WHAT AH'M DOIN'.
!
BOOM
PLIP
AU-HUNH! AU-HUNH! AU-HUNH!
WHAT--
AU-HUNH!
--THE--
AU-HUNH!
--HELL?!

THAT, CHÊRE, IS WHAT'CHA CALL MOST EXCELLENT BODY ARMOR.
GIFT FROM A--FRIEND.
THA'S WHY ITS DESIGN'S SO--DISTINCTIVE.
BRIGHT COLORS ON THE TORSO MAKE FOR AN IRRESISTIBLE TARGET...
...WHICH GIVES ME--AN' NOW, YOU--THE CHANCE T' GET CLOSE ENOUGH T' CLOBBER THE RASCALS...
...OR DUCK AWAY T' COVER.
DON' GATHER YOUR HAIR. LET IT HANG LOOSE.
THAT'LL HELP CLOAK THE HEADPIECE.
SAME APPLIES HERE AS WIT' THE BODY.
BULLETS, ENERGY BLASTS--THEY'LL JUS' BOUNCE OFF.
HEADACHE, MAYBE. DEAD, NOT SO MUCH.
JUS' DON' GET SHOT INNA FACE.
WATCH OUT FOR KNIVES AN' PUNCHES, THO'.
THEY CAN DO DAMAGE.
NO OFFENSE--BUT HOW COME I'M THE STALKING HORSE?
'CAUSE YOU'RE A MARINE AN' SCRAPPIN'S WHAT Y'ALL DO BEST.
AH'M THE THIEF, REMEMBER? WHILE YOU GRAB EVERYONE'S 'TENTION...
...AH'LL SNEAK IN T' SAVE YOUR MAMA AN' 'RO.
WHAT ABOUT THE MUSCLE GUY?
IF IT COMES T' THAT, WE TAKE HIM DOWN T'GETHER.

YOU LOOK WORRIED, MY FRIEND.
I'D FEEL BETTER IF WE'D FOUND THEIR BODIES.
SO WHAT IF THEY SURVIVED?
WE HAVE THE MOTHER. WE HAVE THE GIRL. WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.
PERHAPS.
THE DAUGHTER'S A MARINE, SOLARZ.
AND THE MAN LOOKED LIKE HE HAS SUPER-POWERS.
IF THEY'RE BOTH STILL ACTIVE...
THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU, WARHAWK--
--TO DEAL WITH SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.
DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?
THE MARINE'S NO PROBLEM.
THE CAJUN THOUGH--
CLANGANGANG
WHAT--?!
THE ALARM.
QUESTIONS ASKED--AND ANSWERED.
YOU MEN STAY WITH MR. SOLARZ AND THE PRISONERS.
NOBODY GETS IN THE HOUSE BUT ME.

MEANWHILE, IN A MORE SPECTRAL PLANE...
WHERE AM I?
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
WHAT'S--HAPPENED TO ME?
WHO--ARE YOU PEOPLE?
DON'T BE SCARED.
I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO PROTECT YOU.
SAME AS ASHAKÉ DID FOR ME.
BUT--THINGS HAVE CHANGED!
I AM A TEACHER, CHILD.
I CAN BUT TRAIN YOU HOW BEST TO FACE THE CHALLENGES THAT LIE AHEAD.
OR NOT.
NO--PLEASE, NO!
THAT FACE--IS THAT--
--ME?
PERHAPS.
YOU CAN FIGHT, 'RO.
AND THROUGH FIGHTING...
...FIND YOUR WAY TO WIN.
OR YOU CAN YIELD.
THAT'S NOT FAIR!
ORORO, MY BELOVED--IT IS DESTINY.
IT IS--LIFE!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

RIGHT FROM THE START, MARISSA DeCASTRO WAS A SCRAPPER.
THE WORSE THE ODDS, THE BETTER SHE LIKED IT.
SAME AS HER DAD.
BORN MARINES, THE PAIR OF THEM.
SHE ALWAYS KNEW SHE WAS GOOD.
BUT HERE, NOW, WEARING REMY'S SUIT...
...SHE BEGINS TO FEEL WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE...
BAM
...TO BE HAWKEYE OR THE BLACK WIDOW.
BOTH THE GOOD-- AND BAD.

GOTCHA!
NO MORE SMART MOUTH FROM--
HUH?!
AND SO MUCH MORE!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
YAURGH!
SUIT, I WILL NEVER MAKE FUN OF YOU AGAIN.
AND GUN, YOU AIN'T HALF BAD, NEITHER.
YOU TWO ARE THE BEST!
LET THOSE WORDS, GIRL, BE YOUR EPITAPH.

OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR ABILITIES AND YOUR COURAGE, I MAKE THIS ONETIME OFFER OF A QUICK AND PAINLESS DEATH.
I ADVISE YOU TO ACCEPT.
NEVER!
YOUR CHOICE.
BUT I WAS BETTER THAN YOU'LL EVER BE *BEFORE* I WAS ENHANCED.
ONE MORE THING--
--I *REALLY* LIKE THAT SUIT.
ONCE YOU NO LONGER NEED IT, I'M SURE A PROFITABLE USE CAN BE FOUND.
BOOM

YOU GOT THIS FROM THE CAJUN, YES?
I DON'T DIE SO EASY!
AND I HOLD ONTO GIFTS--
--ESPECIALLY THOSE THAT SAVE MY LIFE!
OH-- VERY NICE MOVE.
I DO LIKE YOUR GRIT.
PROBLEM IS, MINE'S BETTER.
DOES THE CAJUN HAVE ANOTHER SUIT FOR HIMSELF?
WHERE IS HE, BY THE WAY?
SHAME ON HIM, LETTING THE GIRL DO ALL THE--
--OH.
CLEVER. YOU'RE THE DIVERSION.
YOU DEAL WITH THIS ONE.
BUT NO GUNS. SHE'S WEARING ARMOR.
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THIS HAND-TO-HAND.
HAVE FUN.

AS REMY SAID, HE'S A THIEF.
TO HEAR HIM TELL, HE CAN STEAL ANYTHING, FROM ANYONE.
DOESN'T HURT THAT HE'S ALSO A MUTANT.
WHERE HE HAILS FROM-- "NOLA" TO NEIGHBORS, "NEW ORLEANS" TO EVERYONE ELSE-- FRIENDS ARE VALUED.
NEXT BEST THING, IN FACT, TO FAMILY.
HE DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO THOSE WHO SEEK TO DO THEM HARM.
AS DOMINIC SOLARZ IS DISCOVERING THE HARD WAY.
BES' HOPE THEY JUS' BE SLEEPIN', HOM.
THINGS 'TWEEN US ALREADY UGLY.
YOU REALLY DON' WANNA MAKE 'EM...
...WORSE.

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!
BEEN LOOKIN' FORWARD T' THIS, HOM.
Y'ALL TRIED T' KILL ME AN M'RISSA WI' THE LADY'S TRUCK.
Y'ALL MISSED.
AH DON'T.

I'M SORRY, WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO HURT ME?
PERHAPS EVEN DO SOME DAMAGE?
JOKE'S ON YOU, MUTIE!
I'M BUILT FAR BETTER THAN THAT!
YOU HURTIN' THE HELPLESS, WARHAWK.
JUST A DIVERSION IS ALL, THIEF.
SO I CAN DO THIS.
YOUR FANCY SUIT COULDN'T SAVE YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
AND IF THIS IS THE BEST YOUR FLASHY POWERS CAN DO...

...YOU WON'T DO ANY BETTER.
LI'L EARLY, DON'TCHA THINK, F'R YOU T' BE SOUNDIN' SO SMUG?
FIGHTS, THEY BE LIKE LIFE--
--JUS' FULL O' SURPRISES.
GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME.
TIME T' GET A TAD MORE OL'-FASHIONED.
THEY'RE SO FOCUSED ON EACH OTHER--
--FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME.

Y'ALL AIN'T BAD WIT' THE "BLUNT FORCE" SIDE O' HAND-T'-HAND.
JUS' WHAT TO EXPECT FROM A "VOYOU."
IN CASE Y'ALL BE WOND'RIN', WORD MEANS "THUG."
HAPPY LANDIN'S.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, CAJUN, THE OLD WOMAN AND THE GIRL ARE *DEAD!*

A SINGLE MOMENT, GRABBING HOLD OF ALL THE PRINCIPALS.
EACH SO FOCUSED ON THE TASK--AND ADVERSARY--AT HAND, THEY HAVE NO CONSCIOUS AWARENESS OF WHAT TRANSPIRES JUST OUT OF SIGHT.
FOR REMY, ONE MORE BLOW TO DEAL WITH WARHAWK BEFORE TURNING TO 'RO'S AID.
FOR WARHAWK, BITTER AWARENESS THAT HE CANNOT STOP THAT BLOW, OR DO ANYTHING ELSE TO KEEP FROM LOSING.
FOR MARISSA, THE FINAL MOMENT OF A TRIUMPHANT FIGHT.
EXULTATION AT HER VICTORY COMBINED WITH DETERMINATION TO SAVE HER MOTHER.
FOR DOMINIC SOLARZ, A DESPERATE PRAYER TO A DEITY HE STOPPED BELIEVING IN LONG AGO:
JUST ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, THAT'S ALL HE ASKS...
...AS HE STARTS TO PULL THE TRIGGER.
WHICH IS WHEN THINGS START GETTING--WEIRD.
'RO--LOOK!
IS THAT--US?!
ASHAKÉ--WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT YOU WANTED, DESCENDANT.
YOUR MOMENT OF CHOICE.
AND TRUTH.

P'TIT CHÈRE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
THIS-- YOU--C'EST TRES INCROYABLE!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- I MUST BE MAD!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.
WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, GIRL--
--IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP ME!
YOU'RE DEAD!
MAMA?
THIS IS SO COOL!
FOR 'RO, THE EQUATION'S SIMPLE.
FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER.
ONLY SHE CAN SAVE THEM.
NO TIME FOR THOUGHT, ONLY ACTION.
'RO CRIES OUT WITH ALL HER HEART--
--AND THE MOTHER WORLD RESPONDS WITH AN EMBRACE THE LIKES OF WHICH SHE'S NEVER KNOWN.
'RO WISHES SHE COULD STRIKE DOWN HER FRIENDS' ATTACKERS AND FEELS LIGHTNING COURSE THROUGH HER VEINS.
THE ACTION SEEMS EFFORTLESS-- AND THOUGH SHE FEELS AS IF SHE'S IN A DREAM, SOMEHOW ACTIONS BECOME REALITY.
SHE HEARS THUNDER AS THE LIGHTNING ERUPTS FROM HER HANDS...
...AND WIND, TO CLEAR THE AIR OF STENCH.
BEST OF ALL, SHE FEELS RAIN.
TO WASH THE LOST SOULS CLEAN...
...AND SEND THEM BACK WHERE THEY ALL BELONG.
SHE'S NEVER FELT SUCH GLORY.

SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR IT TO HAPPEN AGAIN.
BUT FOR NOW, EVERYONE'S CONTENT TO CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORY.
AND, PERHAPS, PLAN WHERE THEY ALL GO FROM HERE.
NO SIGN OF WARHAWK. SEEMS HE RABBITED RIGHT AFTER THE FIGHT.
GOOD THING TOO.
HE SHOWS HIS FACE AGAIN...
...I'LL TEACH HIM THE LESSON HE DESERVES!

YOU LIKE BEING A SUPER HERO?
BEST I'VE FELT SINCE THE CORPS.
FOR ME, ALL THIS IS--RIGHT.
SAME FOR ME ABOUT THESE EYE-MARKINGS.
LOOKS LIKE THE SORCERESS CHOSE TO LEAVE HER MARK.
WEIRD THING IS, I LIKE 'EM.

GUESS YOU'LL BE WANTING THIS RETURNED.
AH KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET ONE FOR YOUR OWN SELF.
FOR SERIOUS?
THING IS, CHÈRE, AIN'T THE OUTFIT WE BE TALKIN' ABOUT HERE...
...BUT THE LIFE IT REPRESENTS.
CROSS THAT RUBICON...
...THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

YOU OKAY, 'RO?
YEAH, SURE, WHY WOULDN'T I BE?
STUPID GROWN-UPS WITH THEIR STUPID GROWN-UP FLINGS.

MARISSA'S A FRIEND, CHÈRE.
YOU'RE MY PARTNER.
DON' EVER FORGET THAT.

AFTERMATH.
YEAH, THAT'S HIM.
NAME'S REMY LEBEAU.
CALLS HIMSELF GAMBIT.
WORD IS, HE'S A THIEF.
HE'S RUNNING WITH A KID AND A LOCAL EX-MARINE.
THEY DID ME AND MY BUSINESS SERIOUS HARM.
IF YOU'RE ON HIS TRAIL-- I WANT IN.
BUT YOU BEST BE WARNED: THE KID, MAYBE; THE MAN, DEFINITELY--
--THEY HAVE SUPER-POWERS.
IS THAT A PROBLEM?
NOT AT ALL.
I LOVE CHALLENGES.
ON A PRIMITIVE PLANET LIKE THIS, ALLIES ARE APPRECIATED.
SERVE ME WELL, AND YOU'LL BE PROPERLY REWARDED.
JUST REMEMBER, IN THE END, THE OUTCOME REMAINS UNCHANGED:
BOUNTY
ALWAYS CLAIMS HER PREY.
NEXT: LILA--ROCKS!

NEXT:

GAMBIT

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